

DELL
COMIC

FEBRUARY

10¢

the Lone Ranger



the Arapaho



An important plains tribe of the great Algonquian family, the Arapaho had long been closely associated with the Cheyenne. According to the tradition of these people, they were once a settled, agricultural people, living far to the northeast of their more recent range, apparently around the Red River valley of northern Minnesota. From this point they moved southwest across the Missouri about the same time that the Cheyenne moved out from Minnesota.

The Apsina, better known as the Gros Ventres of the Prairies, and once a part of the Arapaho tribe, appear to have separated from the parent group and moved off to the north after their emergence onto the plains. The division into Northern and Southern Arapaho is largely geographic, originating within the last hundred and fifty years, and made permanent by the placing of the two bands on different reservations. The Northern Arapaho in Wyoming are considered the mother tribe, and retain the sacred tribal articles, a tubular pipe, one ear of corn, and a turtle figurine, all of stone.

By the treaty of Medicine Lodge in 1867 the Southern Arapaho, together with the Southern Cheyenne, were placed on a reservation in Oklahoma, while the Northern Arapaho were assigned to a reservation on Wind River in Wyoming in 1876, after having made peace with their hereditary enemies, the Shoshoni, living upon the same reservation.

As a people the Arapaho were brave, but kindly and accommodating, and much given to ceremonial observances. The annual sun dance was their greatest tribal ceremony.

In arts and home life the Arapaho were a typical plains tribe, wearing the customary breech cloth, leggings, moccasins, and buffalo robe.

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THOSE INDIANS ARE USING
THE NEW WINCHESTER
RIFLES, YONTO!

USE THEM
FIRE PLENTY
BULLETS!

BANG!



DEW HT!

—JIM, HELP HANK!
THE REST OF YOU KEEP
PEPPERING THOSE
RECKERS! TWO RIDERS
ARE BLAZING AT 'EM
FROM BEHIND!



THE CROSS FIRE
WAS TOO MUCH FOR
THEM! THEY'RE
RIDING OFF!



I'LL SEE HOW MANY OF THE
RAILROAD MEN WERE HURT!
GO AFTER THE INDIANS!

WE
GANYV!



A MASKED
MAN! COVER THE
GUNBOAT!





5000--



BLACK-CROW PLENTY
GLAD TO SEE MASKED
FRIEND!

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME
SINCE WE MET, CHIEF! THIS
IS SAM REILLY! BUT FIRST--
IS TONTO HERE?

NO! NOT
SEE-UM!



THAT'S STRANGE! TONTO WAS
FOLLOWING A PARTY OF BRAVES
WHO ATTACKED THE RAILROAD
CREW! I WAS CERTAIN THEIR
TRAIL WOULD LEAD HERE!

THAT NOT TRUE! NO
BRAVES ATTACK IRON
HORSE WORKERS!



I SAW THEM, CHIEF
BLACK CROW--HALF
A DOZEN BRAVES
FIRED ON THE CREW
THIS AFTERNOON!

THIS AFTERNOON NO BRAVES
LEAVE HELLO! WE HAVE
PONY RACE! ALL BRAVES
STAY TO SEE-UM!



TONTO MAY
HAVE THE
ANSWER! HE
COULD BE AT THE
RAILHEAD WAITING
FOR ME!

MASKED MAN AND TONTO
FRIENDS OF BLACK CROW!
IF THERE TROUBLE, WE
WANT TO HELP-UM!



HOW THAT I
RECALL, THE
RAIDERS USED
WINCHESTERS, I'M
BEGINNING TO
WONDER IF THE NEW
PARTY MEMBERS
WERE INDIANS!

MEANWHILE, AS TONTO TAKES THE BRIDGES--

WHOA SCOUT! TIMBER GET THEM
AHEAD! WE STOP HERE AND TONTO
GO FORWARD ON FOOT!



THERE CABIN! YOU
WAIT HERE, FOLLER!



THE TRACKS LEAD TO THE
CABIN AND THERE ARE THE
HORSES I WAS FOLLOWING!



HERE, RED! DRY YOURSELF!
THE STORM IS ALL
OVER!

THANKS CLIFF!
SORRY WE
COULDN'T KILL!
ANY RAILROADERS LIKE
YOU ORDERED US TO, BUT
SAM REILLY'S TRYING TO
BEAT YOU AT YOUR
GAME!



WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?

HE'S HIRED GUNSLINGERS TO
PROTECT HIS CROWD! A MASKED
MAN AND A REDSKIN CAME
UP BEHIND US! WE HAD TO
HIGH-TAIL IT!



WE MIGHT HAVE MORE
THAN JUST TWO
GUNMEN, CLIFF!

SAM'S MEN WILL NOT
STAY AROUND LONG IF
THEY'RE NOT PAID!







GOPHER, YOU'LL STAY AND GUARD HIM! ABOUT MIDNIGHT, WHEN MOST FOLKS'LL BE OFF THE STREETS, BRING HIM INTO TOWN TO THE EXPRESS OFFICE, GAGGED AND TIED

AFTER WE TAKE THE ROY ROLL, IN INDIAN COSTUMES, WE'LL **KILL HIM** AND THE EXPRESS OFFICE **GUARD** SO NEITHER CAN TALK! HE'S A **REAL** INDIAN.... IF ANYONE WITNESSES THE ROBBERY IT'LL MAKE THEM THINK WE'RE **REAL** BEDSICKS, TOO!



FADING TO FIND TONTO AT THE RAILHEAD, THE
LONE RANGER PICKS UP HIS TRAIL, AND AS
DUSK FALLS...



IT'S ALMOST DARK!
WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE
TO FOLLOW HIM NOW!



UGH! NOW WE HAVE
TO TURN BACK!

LISTEN!
A HORSE!



SCOUT?...HERE,
FELLOW!



TONTO MUST BE NEAR!
WHERE IS HE, SCOUT?
LEAD US TO TONTO!

AS THEY FOLLOW SCOUT, SUDDENLY...



THERE LIGHT
IN CABIN
AHEAD!

DISMOUNT! WE'LL HAVE
LESS CHANCE OF BEING
SEEN ON FOOT!

GET YOUR HANDS UP!



WH-WHAT IS
BLAZES! YOU
AGAIN!



QUICKLY TONTO TELLS OF CLIFF SUNDAY'S PLANS! SOON AFTER AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ...

A MASKED MAN!

HE'S ON THE LAW'S SIDE, SHERIFF! I'LL VOUCH FOR HIM!



THIS GUNMAN WORKS FOR CLIFF SUNDAY! RIGHT NOW, SUNDAY AND SOME MEN ARE PREPARING TO ROB MY CREW'S PAY ROLL!

I KNEW SUNDAY OPPOSED THE RAILROAD BUT I DIDN'T THINK HE WAS A CROOK!

I CAN SUGGEST A WAY TO PROVE IT!



SOON AFTER MIDNIGHT...

THERE'S THE PAY ROLL, BOYS! KEEP IN THE SHADOWS! SOON WE "INDIANS" ARE GOING TO JUMP THE GUARD AND GRAB THE MONEY!









the Lone Ranger

PURSUIT





WHY A SOLDIER IN A CAFE AND BOUGHT HIM A BEER? SEEMS THE LOCAL FORT'S SIX MONTHS BEHIND ON PAY! THE PAYROLL IS COMING IN ON THE NOON TRAIN WITH SIX MONTHS BACK PAY! THEN IT'LL BE TRANSFERRED TO A WAGON! THREE TROOPERS'LL ESCORT IT TO FORT ABRAHAM! SHOULD BE A CINCH TO JUMP 'EM!



BUT LUKE, IF WE STEAL AN ARMY PAYROLL, WE'LL HAVE FEDERAL AGENTS ON OUR TRAIL---

...THEY'LL NOT BE ABLE TO REACH US IN CANADIAN! AND THERE ISN'T A LAWMAN WHO COULD TRACK US TO THE BORDER ACROSS THE BADLANDS!



A LOT OF FELLOWS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO REACH THE BORDER JAMT WAY!

MULEY AND I BOTH KNOW THE BADLANDS! IF HANCE ISN'T BACK AFTER LUNCH, WE'RE TAKING THAT PAY ROLL!



LATER--

YOUR WAGON RIDE'S TRAIL LED TO HERE-- BUT THE CASH'S MISSING!

ASKS STILL WARM OUTLAW'S LEFT MARKS TWO HOURS AGO!



WERE SIX MEN SHAY LEAVE? IT MEAN HIM WANT US TO FOLLOW-UM!

HIT THE SADDLE, BOYS!

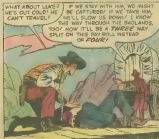


ANYWAY--

THOSE SOLDIERS GOT JUNGHEADS TO GO THROUGH THERE! IT'S A PERFECT PLACE TO AMBUSH 'EM! THE WAGON'S HEADING FOR DEAD MAN'S CANYON, LUKE!









AS THE LONE RANGER BANDAGES THE MAN'S WOUNDS, THE CORPORAL, REALIZING HE CAN TRUST THE MASKED MAN, TELLS HIM OF THE AMBUSH! THEN, AS LUKE MOODY BEGINS CONSCIOUSNESS ---

Y-YOU'RE MASKED! ---YOU'RE A LAW DOGGER, TOO! ---LISTEN TO ME, RATER, AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE!

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?



THEY'RE HEADING FOR CANADA ---ACROSS THE BADLANDS! OUR 'EM ALL AND THE REBOLL IS YOURS! BUT BEFORE YOU PLUG 'EM ---TELL 'EM LUKE MOODY SENT YOU!

CORPORAL, I'LL HELP YOU ALL INTO THE WAGON! THEN I'M GOING FOR THE BADLANDS!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, A SLEET STORM LIGHTS THE WESTERN LANDS ---

CAN'T WE GET OUT OF THIS, HULEY?

THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE WHERE WE CAN FIND SHELTER, ---CHIMNEY ROCK!



IS THERE A CABIN THERE?

NO, JUST A THREE-SIDED FORMATION OF ROCKS THAT'LL SHIELD US FROM THE STORM! IT'S NOT FAR!





WITH THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL, HIDDEN BY THE STORM, THE LONG ARMED SHOTS SHELTER, AS SURPRISELY...



MOMENTS LATER, GUIDED BY THE SHOOTING TONTO AND THE SHERIFF, RIDE UP...

KIND SAKAY HE BRING SHERIFF! WE NOT SOLDIER! YOU HELP! BEST OF POSSIBLE WENT WITH-ON TO TOWN!

KEEP BACK! THE OTHER THREE MEMBERS OF THE GANG ARE JUST AHEAD!



THEY COULD EASILY GIVE US THE SLIP IN THIS STORM! BUT NOW WE'RE THREE AGAINST THREE—

...NO, SHERIFF THOMAS! THE ADVANTAGE WOULD BE ALL THEIRS IN A FRONTAL ATTACK! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS SURPRISE! I HAVE A WAY! YOU AND TONTO KEEP FIGHT TO PIN THEM WHILE THAT CHIMNEY!



AS TONTO AND THE SHERIFF BLAZE AWAY, THE LONG RANGER BEGINS TO CIRCLE CHIMNEY ROCK—

IF I CAN MAKE IT UP THESE ROCKS AND ONTO THE LEDGE, I'LL BE ABOVE AND BEHIND THEM!



AT THE TOP OF THE FORMATION, THE LONG RANGER STARTS HIS DESCENT AND AS HE REACHES THE LEDGE, SUDDENLY—



OVER THE TOWERING ROCKS, THE LONG RANGER HOLDS HIS WAY! AGAIN AND AGAIN HIS BOOTS SLIP ON THE ICE SURFACE, AS HE TRIES DESPERATELY TO KEEP HIS DANGEROUS PERCH—





FRIEND OF THE FAMILY



CONSIDER THE AN
WORLDS REVENGE IS LIVED TO

Cole Russell rose slowly to his feet, his hand brushing mechanically at the mud that soiled his levis. His eyes glinted across the corral at the hammerheaded dun who stood complacently near the fence. He found it hard to believe that this same horse had, only two minutes before, been the bowling, bucking whirlwind that had dumped him onto the muddy floor of the corral.

From the corner of his eye, Russell spotted his nine-year-old son, Marty, sitting aside the railing, chewing on a straw to hold back his boyish laughter. "Guess Pete's had his fun, Dad," said the boy. "Reckon it's safe to climb aboard now."

That was the way it had been since the day, eight years ago, when Pete had first come to the Russells' spread. Every morning, it was the same. The dun would stand with sweet innocence until Cole climbed into the saddle. Then he would explode into a fury of bucking and picking that would leave his rider clutching the saddle for dear life. Usually Cole was able to ride out the storm. But occasionally, Pete would try something new, some ingenious corkscrew twist that only his wily, equine brain could devise and then Cole would end up on the corral floor—as had just happened.

As the angry rancher walked over toward the horse, his wife, Cathy, came hurrying from the house. She had heard the uproar and the lines on her face showed her anxiety. "Goodness," she asked, "what was that racket?"

"It was only old Pete," said Marty. "Reckon

he dumped Dad again."

Cole Russell growled deep in his throat. "That's the last time that hot-brained broom-tail will throw me. This afternoon, I'm taking him over to Silver Creek. Harb Manning offered me three hundred for him in the fall."

Marty paled. "Dad, you're not going to sell Pete? Why he's—"

"I know," interrupted Cole. "He's the best cow pony in the county. And the fastest quarter-horse in this part of the state—reckon he proved that when he beat all comers at the rodeo last year. But—"

"It's more than that, Cole." Cathy put her arm about the boy's shoulder and turned to face her husband. "Pete's been with us so long—I'd feel terrible selling him. It would be like losing a friend of the family."

Cole reached for the reins that dangled from Pete's bit and yanked them angrily. With an air of injured innocence, Pete let himself be drawn forward. "Some friend," commented Cole. "He was real affectionate the way he just threw me." He turned to his wife, his eyes deadly serious now. "Cathy, be sensible. It's only a matter of time. One of these days this crazy critter'll throw me hard enough to break an arm or a leg. And then what?"

Cathy paled. She knew an injury like that could mean disaster to a small rancher who worked his herd alone and without help.

"Besides, it's been a hard winter." Cole was looking out at the patches of white on the rolling hills in the distance that showed where the winter's snows had not melted. "The three



hundred we'll get for Pete will help pay for the wire-fencing we need and maybe buy us some white-face calves to make up for the stock we lost in that storm last January."

Cathy's eyes met Marty's and then both looked away. They loved old Pete, but there was no answering Cole Russell's logic.

* * *

There was a haze over the sun when Cole started for Silver Creek. He was riding Pete and leading a roan mare that he planned to ride home on after he sold Pete to Manning. Cole had ridden about five miles when the haze turned slate gray and the wind began to rise. It came straight from the north. And with the first swirl of snow, Cole knew that he was in for trouble. It was a late spring blizzard and he was miles from the nearest shelter.

Silver Creek was his best bet, but it lay due north. He'd have to plough directly into the wind. He bent his head and spurred Pete into the storm. Already the trail had disappeared. Cole decided he would be better off walking. That way he could keep his legs from freezing and help the horses break the trail. An hour passed. The drifts were piling up now. There were no canyons or gulleys to shield them from the icy wind.

Night came, and with it a growling exhaustion. Cole began to stumble. It was only by bracing himself against Pete that he kept his feet. Twice he halted, unable to move on, but each time he felt old Pete nudge him—

as if to urge him to greater efforts. Once he fell and would have slept there in the snow if Pete hadn't pawed gently at him, forcing him to arise.

That was when Cole surrendered. With his last remaining strength, he climbed back into the saddle and then a soft, grey, snow-laden mist engulfed his consciousness and he knew no more.

* * *

Men died in that blizzard, but Cole Russell came through alive—thanks to Pete. Once Cole was back in the saddle, the dun had taken complete charge with all the calm confidence of the well-trained cow pony.

And so Pete fought his way through the blizzard until he reached Silver Creek and safety.

It wasn't until a week later that Cole was able to ride back home again. As he moved down Silver Creek's only street, Cole was stopped by Herb Manning. Herb lit a cigar and eyed Pete calculatingly. "I heard what that critter did in the blizzard." He paused significantly. "I'll raise my offer to five hundred, Russell."

In the saddle Cole gripped the rein tightly. Five hundred dollars! What couldn't he do with that. The thought of what the money could buy almost overwhelmed him. Almost, but not quite.

Cole Russell leaned down to pat Pete fondly on the neck. "It's a lot of money, Herb, but I reckon a million wouldn't buy him. Shucks, I'd as soon sell one of the family."



YOUNG HAWK









--- COME INTO MY HOUSE, NOW!
THERE IS SOMETHING I WISH TO
GIVE YOU, YOUR HAWK AND
LITTLE SUCK!



THESE ARE YOURS
-- MY GIFTS FOR YOUR
JOURNEY, MY SON!

THEY--- THEY ARE
APES? MADE OF THE
RINGING STONE--
LIKE MY EMPEROR



YES--- THEY ARE MADE OF METAL ---
OR 'RINGING STONE' MY FATHER CAPTURED
THEM FROM STRANGE WARRIORS WHO CAME
DOWN FROM THE NORTH ---



MY FATHER TOLD ME --- MEN WHO ROSE IN BIG
GANGES --- AND WORE BULL'S HORNS ON THEIR
HEADS? BRAVE MEN --- BUT FEAR --- FROM THE
NORTHERN SEA WITH WHITE SKINS AND
FLAMING HAIR!



THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE DOCK BELOW
THE VILLAGE, AT DAWN ---

GOOD HUNTING,
YOUR HAWK,
MY SON!

MAY THE GREAT
SPIRIT GUARD YOU,
MY FATHER! ONE
DAY HE WILL
RETURN!

LITTLE SUCK, MY
BOY! WILL YOUR
MOTHER EVER SEE
YOU AGAIN?
(GROANS)



CUTTING SHORT THEIR FAREWELLS, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK DRIVE THEIR CANOE SWIFTLY DOWNSTREAM — — — WITHONE LAST LOOK AT THEIR HOMES, CROWNING THE HIGH RIVER BLUFF...



YOUNG HAWK
--- HAVE YOU
THOUGHT JUST
WHERE WE
ARE GOING?

YES, LITTLE BUCK
-- I HAVE THOUGHT,
BUT I STILL DO NOT
KNOW! THE WORLD
IS WIDE



WE CAN CROSS OVERLAND TO THE GREAT
SWEET WATER TO THE EAST--- OR
PADDLE SOUTH MANY DAYS TO THE
HATCHED AND THE GREAT SALT WATER



KEEEES

PERHAPS THE GREAT SPIRIT
WILL SHOW US WHICH WAY HE
WOULD HAVE US GO! WE
WILL LOOK FOR A SIGN!



YEDWA
SHAG---

TWO DAYS LATER A SUBMERGED, BROKEN TREE
TRUNK RIPS THE CANOE'S BOTTOM



GRAB BLANKETS --- WEAPONS
--- SUPPLIES, LITTLE BUCK!
BEFORE THEY SINK!

IN SHALLOW WATER, THE BOYS ACT QUICKLY...





BARR-UGGHH!

WOW! HE
ALMOST GOT
THAT WARRIOR--

HE CAN'T KEEP ON
BEING LUCKY! WE'LL
HELP HIM, LITTLE BROT!

THAT
OLD

THE TWO ARROWS STRIKE TOGETHER,
CLOSE TO THE BUFFALO'S HEART

WOW-UGGHH!

THAT MAN WE SAVED IS
OF THE HIGATA PEOPLE
---FRIENDLY TO US
MANDANS

HE PUT UP A
BRAVE FIGHT
BUT HE SEEMS
ABLE TO USE
ONLY ONE
HAND

FARR, FARR
FARR-FARR!

WITH A GRUNT AND A WHREEE THE GREAT BULL
GOES DOWN --- ALMOST ON TOP OF HIS
INTENDED VICTIM



PLAINS INDIANS "the CROWS"



This typical plains tribe got their name from the French translation of their name, *Absároke*, meaning crow, sparrowhawk, or bird people. In stature and dress, the Crows corresponded to the Hidatsa, and were especially proud of their long hair.

They were an extremely superstitious people, and complex ceremonies were a great part of their everyday lives. Like the Sioux, Cheyenne, and Blackfeet, the Crows wrapped their dead in robes and placed them atop scaffolds of poles with their weapons and medicine bundles.

A good home was always provided for their life in the next world . . . either tied to the burial scaffold, or killed and left for the spirit to ride to the Happy Hunting Grounds.



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